

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWERTEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 25.—VOL. XIX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1807.

no. 963.

THE ATTACHED INDIAN. (CONTINUED.)

"You know, my dear fellow," continued Byron, "the intimacy which has long subsisted between Danvers and myself, and in consequence of this, upon his arrival at Portsmouth, he made me acquainted with his intended plan. At my request he introduced me to his intended—I was charmed—nay, I was perfectly captivated with the delicate turn of her mind: she is at once the complete child of nature, yet her soul and sentiments are actually sublime. As the impetuosity of passion subsided, an obstacle to marriage occurred to my friend, and this, as you may suppose, was no other than the colour of the unfortunate girl's skin. Severe were the conflicts this circumstance gave rise to—most sacredly had he sworn to make the amiable Charlotte his wife, and the obligations she had conferred upon him were so strong and binding, that honour called upon him to fulfil the promise he had made. In an evil hour, however, he imparted every circumstance of Charlotte's history to his mother, who, shocked at the base idea of his marrying a woman of shade, travelled post down to Portsmouth for the purpose of preventing her son from committing such an act of disgrace. Had she come unattended, her arguments might have proved unavailing; but, unfortunately, she was accompanied by a most fascinating girl, the daughter of a clergyman in the neighbourhood, whose personal attractions, though dazzling, were eclipsed by her wit. With the family of Lady Danvers Dr. Lessington had long been in the habits of intimacy, though, when Sir Clement went abroad, his daughter was not more than 15: but a few years had made a wonderful alteration, both in this young lady's person and mind. With the former Danvers was struck, with the latter, enchanted; though she rallied him most unmercifully upon his intended scheme, and declared that nothing would give her equal satisfaction, to see him dandling the future sable heir of Danvers Castle, whont, she satirically assured him, she should think as valuable as a little dog of King Charles's breed.

"This well, or ill-timed—raillery, fixed his wavering resolution, and though he could not bear the idea of abandoning poor Charlotte, he determined never to make her his wife; but what stamped him as a villain in my opinion, he removed her from a respectable lodging into Mrs. Benson's house. Benson, without being openly notorious, is more than a suspicious character, and Danvers evidently placed Charlotte under her protection, under the hope that she might corrupt her mind, and give him a pretext for declining an engagement, which, when under the influence of gratitude, he had solemnly vowed to perform.

"Lady Danvers had evidently brought the too fascinating Clarissa Lessington for the purpose of enslaving the heart of her versatile son, and the plan fully answered her most san-

guine expectation; for she had not been more than a fortnight at Portsmouth, when he made her an offer of his hand. The proposal, as you may imagine, was eagerly accepted; for the father is a man of family, and ranks high in the Church, yet from pride and ostentation he has lived in a style of elegance far beyond what he is able to support. Though Danvers always treated me with unbounded confidence, yet he was too well acquainted with the rectitude of my heart, to impart to me his dishonorable intention towards the former object of his regard; and I could scarcely believe him capable of an action which must degrade him in the opinion of every honest man.

"About a week has now elapsed since I called at Benson's, and found the too credulous Charlotte in tears, and upon pressing her to inform me from what cause they proceeded, she told me she had not seen her Clement for two days, and that upon parting, he had rebuked her with severity for refusing an invitation of her landlady's to tea. "But me no like dat woman, Captain Byron," said the amiable creature: "me notink she has one good heart; she talkings to me; oh, sadtings, I assure you! Not vat a young woman should hear!" The chastity of her ideas, and the refinement of her sentiments, have raised her so high in my esteem, that, by Heaven! I would marry her to-morrow, if I thought I could inspire her with mutual regard: but upon my attempting to kiss her hand on the day I allude to, she withdrew it with an air of sweetness and reproach, exclaiming—"Oh, no; dat must not be, Capt. Byron; only my Clement ever kiss dis hand."

"What a lesson of pure chastity, my friend, was this to English ladies! By Heaven, I could have worshipped the angelic girl!—But to return to the ungenerous Danvers: upon taking leave of Charlotte, I met him, arm in arm with Miss L——, and I contrived, *en passant*, to say I wished to speak to him upon a subject which would not admit of delay. He came in less than an hour; confusion marked his manly features, for, doubtless, he suspected my design. I then candidly related what had passed between me and Charlotte, and reproached him for having placed her under the protection of a woman whose character was so doubtful as Mrs. B's."

"I was prepared my good fellow," said he, "for arimonial discussion, yet I cannot refuse the charges you have made; my passions act in opposition to my better judgment, and nature has decreed that I should be their slave!" "Nature!" I exclaimed, "then where is principle? where is gratitude, honour and faith? if you forsake the much injured Charlotte, I shall not hesitate to pronounce you a——." He clapped his hand before my mouth to prevent me from concluding the sentence, and intreated me to hear him speak, when with a sophistry that proved him lost to a sense of honour, he assigned a variety of reasons for the forfeiture of his word, and dwelt upon the duty he owed a mother, who had made numerous sacrifices to promote his happiness and peace.

"Allowing that much is due to an attached

parent, (I rejoined) yet are you not equally bound to the being who not only preserved your life, but sacrificed friends, fortune, and country, to follow you into a foreign clime? If Lady Danvers objects to your marrying the ill-fated Charlotte, she has no right to insist upon your marrying Miss L. and time may reconcile the former to the loss of your love; prepare her, by degrees, for the wound you meditate: convince her reason, and she will become resigned.

"You probe me to the quick! You have made me appear a villain! Yes, I acknowledge myself a villain! he exclaimed; but I have gone too far; to retreat, is impossible, and on Monday Clarissa Lessington becomes my wife. I love, I adore, I cannot live without her. Yet I pity poor Charlotte to my soul; and to prove I am not the ingrate you suppose me, I have settled upon her three hundred a year. I have done more than this, for I have written to Jackson, the worthy curate of D——, to intreat him to receive her into his family, for his wife is a character whom Charlotte will both love and esteem. I condonew myself for having placed her with Benson, yet it has been the means of convincing me that her mind is pure: though I acknowledge it was not for that purpose I made the experiment, for it was the false opinion I entertained of the female character which induced me to err; as I ungenerously imagined the woman who would gratify the wishes of one man, might easily be induced to transfer her regard."

"I did not attempt to interrupt Danvers during this conversation, but upon his making a pause, I enquired whether Miss Lessington did not appear to commiserate the unfortunate Charlotte? as it was evident she knew her history from the remark she had made upon his noble heir. "Commisserate!" repeated the baronet, as if astonished at the question, "she commiserates her as one statesman would another, who had filled his vacant place: no, my Clarissa is a perfect Thalia, and a woe-worn companion would never suit me for a wife."

"I could scarcely credit the evidence of my senses, or believe Danvers capable of acting so base a part; but I was prevented from making any further observation, by the entrance of Col. Baird; the conversation of course then became general, and on the following morning I quitted Portsmouth at four o'clock. Upon my return, at the expiration of five days, I found a letter from Sir Clement upon my writing desk, the purport of which was to intreat me to impart the intelligence of his marriage to the unfortunate girl, and at the same time to present her with a half-year of her annuity in advance: he implored me, by the friendship which had once subsisted between us, to soften his conduct to the injured Charlotte, and declared that he was married previous to his voyage to the east. My heart at first recoiled at this double deception, but a little cool reflection convinced me it would soften the wound I was about to inflict, and therefore I determined to follow the advice of my unprincipled friend.

(Conclusion in our next.)

TWO MINISTERS.

Mr. Pitt's plan, when he had the gout, was to have no fire in his room, but to load himself with bed clothes. At his house at Hayes he slept in a long room; at one end of which was his bed, and his lady's at the other. His way was, when he thought the Duke of Newcastle had fallen into any mistake, to send for him, and read him a lecture. The Duke was sent for once, and came, when Mr. Pitt was confined to bed by the gout. There was, as usual, no fire in the room; the day was very chilly, and the Duke, as usual, afraid of catching cold.—The Duke first sat down on Mrs. Pitt's bed, as the warmest place; then drew up his legs into it as he got colder. The lecture unluckily continuing a considerable time, the Duke at length fairly lodged himself under Mrs. Pitt's bed-clothes. A person, from whom I had the story, suddenly going in, saw the two ministers in bed, at the two ends of the room, while Pitt's long nose, and black beard unshaved for some days, added to the grotesque appearance of the scene.

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THE LATE LORD CHATHAM.

WHEN his Lordship was between nine and ten years of age, he was on a visit to his aunt, the old Lady Grandison. One morning having a great number of persons of fashion visiting her, a Lord of the King's bed-chamber was there, who was vaunting of the minister's majorities in parliament. Young Pitt who was carelessly playing at the end of the room, hearing this, suddenly exclaimed, "Then God help the country!" The company were amazed, and his aunt, who knew his temper ordered him out of the room. After the guests were gone, she in a good natured manner chid him for his observation; when the other replied, "I beg your pardon, Madam, for disturbing your company; but I hope to see the day when I shall make every one of those Court Sycophants tremble in their skins."

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AN EQUIVOCAL EPISTLE.

MADAM,

The great love I have hitherto expressed for you is false; and I feel that my indifference towards you increases every day. The more I see of you, the more you appear in my eyes an object of contempt—I find myself every way disposed and determined to hate you. Believe me I never had an inclination to offer you my heart. Our last conversation has left a tedious insipidity, which has by no means given me the most exalted idea of your character. Your temper would make me extremely unhappy, and if we are united, I shall experience nothing but the hatred of my parents, ad led to an everlasting displeasure in living with you. I have indeed a heart to bestow, but I do not wish you to imagine it is at your service: I could not give it to one more inconstant and capricious than yourself,—and less capable to do honour to my chaise and to my family. Yes Madam, I beg you will be persuaded that I speak sincerely;—and you will do me a favour to avoid me. I shall excuse your taking the trouble to answer this. Your letters are always full of impertinence, and you have not the shadow of wit or good sense. Adieu! adieu! believe me, I am so averse to you, that it is impossible I should ever be.

Madam, your affectionate humble servant, &c.

To the key to the above letter is, to read the first line, and then every other line alternately.

MONODY

TO THE
MEMORY OF HIS WIFE,
BY MR. SHAW.
[CONCLUDED.]

SICKNESS and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief?
With lenient hand support my drooping head.
Assuage my pains and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loit'ring day,
Impatient for my quick return;
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory—cease, O, cease—
How shall I ere regain my peace?
(Oh to forget her!) but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou my little cherub, left behind
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lipsing tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall my eyes run o'er,
When twining round my knees I trace
The mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoyed now more distress'd,
More beggar by the riches once possessed,
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears you've caust'd. Strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchased with thy mother's bier.
Who now shall seek with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to thy breast,
Alas! is gone, yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And O, sweet senseless smiler. (envied state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth.
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then fondly stealing to thy fair b'rd side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares empty,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY C. S.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom
The rose-its tint bestowed;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripening berry glow'd.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the virgin's breast,
With that maestic graceful air,
In snow and softness dreast.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,
And in her tresses gleam'd;
And like a freezing star, her eye
With Heaven's own splendor beam'd.

ANECDOTES.

A young gentleman of family and fortune, but of abandoned principles, having long distinguished himself, in the reign of Charles II. by highway robberies, and other desperate acts against society, was often apprehended, and sometimes convicted; but, through the interest of his friends, had always been pardoned. He was, at length, tried for murder and condemned. Many of the nobility interceded in his favour, but to no effect; the king was inexorable. He had the pen in his hand to sign the order for his execution, when some of the nobility threw a copy of a pardon upon the table before him. The duchess of Portsmouth, his chief favourite, standing at his right shoulder, took his hand gently with her own, and conducting it to the paper which had the pardon written on it, led his hand while he subscribed his name, the king not making the least resistance. Shaking his head and smiling, he threw the pardon to the nobleman who had interposed in the young man's behalf, adding, "Take care you keep the rascal out of my reach for the future." When this pardon was shown to the lord Chancellor Hyde, observing how badly the letters of the king's name were formed, he wittily remarked, that when his majesty signed the pardon, "Justice had been fighting against Mercy."

A gentleman having bespake a supper at an inn, desired his landlord to sup with him. The host came up, and thinking to pay a greater compliment than ordinary to his guest, pretended to find fault with the laying the cloth, and took the knives and forks and threw them down stairs. The gentleman resolving not to baulk his humour, threw the plates down also; at which the host being surprised, inquired the reason for so doing? "Nay, nothing," replied the gentleman, "I only thought you had a mind to sup below."

"You ride a war horse," said a lawyer to one of his country neighbours, who was flogging his horse at a most unmerciful rate without quickening his pace. "Who told you, Mr. Counsellor, that he was a war horse?" "I see he is, for he had rather run." "You are mistaken, sir, [said the rider] I told him, when we set off, that I was in a great haste to attend a law suit in which I am plaintiff—Would you think it, the brute is doing all in his power to persuade me that I go fast enough on a fool-servant."

A very ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book and smile, asked him, "What is there in that book that makes you smile?" "Why," answered the other, "this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack." "Is it so?" said he, "pray let me see it, for I never knew that I had such an honour done to me." Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkins's Catechism, dedicated to ALL IGNORANT PERSONS.

Some rattling young fellows from London, putting into a country inn, seeing a plain rough-hewn farmer there, says one of them, "You shall see me dumb-found that countryman;" so coming up to him, he gave his hat a twirl round, saying, "there's half a crown for you, countryman." The farmer, after recovering a little from his surprise, reared his oak trowel, and surveying him very gravely, gave him two very handsome drubs on the shoulder, saying, "I thank you for your kindness, friend, there's two shillings of your money again."

COURTLY PICTURE.

The Spanish ambassador at the court of Henry IV. of France was one day inquiring of him the dan-

better of his ministers; ' You shall see what they are in a minute,' said the monarch. On seeing M. de Silleri, the chancellor, come into the drawing-room, he said to him, ' Sir, I am very uneasy to a beam that is good for nothing, and which seems to threaten to fall upon my head.' ' Sir,' replied Silleri, ' you should consult your architect; let every thing be well examined, and let him go to work.' Henry next saw M. Villeroi, to whom he spoke as he did to Silleri. ' Sir,' replied Villeroi, without looking at the beam, ' you are very right; the beam is very dangerous indeed.' At last the president Jeanmin came in, to whom Henry made a similar address as to the former ministers. ' Sir, said the president, I do not know what you mean. The beam is a very good one. But, replied the king, do not I see a light through the crevices, or is my head disordered? Go, go, sire, re-turned Jeanmin, be quite at your ease; the beam will last as long as you will.' Then turning to the Spanish minister, Henry observed to him:—' Now I think you are well acquainted with the characters of my three ministers, the chancellor has no opinion at all; Villeroi is always of my opinion; and Jeanmin speaks as he really thinks, and always thinks properly.'

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST 1, 1807.

The city inspector reports the death of 54 persons (of whom 22 were men, 8 women, 9 boys, and 15 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 13, convulsions 4, debility 2, decay 1, drinking cold water 1, dropsy 1, drowned 3, nervous fever 2, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 5, loves 1, intemperance 1, infanticide 1, [a new born infant found dead in Hudson street] inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 2, insanity 1, old age 3, quinsy 1, St. Anthony's fire 1, sprue 2, stillborn 2, teething 1, ulcer 1, and 1 of whooping cough.

Five Gun-Boats from Connecticut river, arrived at this port on Tuesday evening.

By James Powers, a passenger in a schooner from Fulgers, Northampton county, Virginia, we learn that a boat's crew of the British landed on Smith's island on Monday last, they took a quantity of poultry for which they paid; after which they shot the flock of cattle and sheep, for which they offered 50 cents per head; but the owner refused receiving it, and they took them off without giving any thing.—They then proceeded to sink casks for the purpose of obtaining water; and as it is calculated they will land for the water, the militia of the neighbourhood have put themselves in readiness to receive them.

Baltimore paper.

Extract of a letter from Cape Francois, dated 25th June, 1807.

Dear Sir,
General Christophe has done, some time ago, an action worthy of recording. A French privateer was drove on shore by bad weather—the crew, consisting of fifty Frenchmen, were taken to the Cape; the general received them with humanity, and gave them a vessel fitted with every necessary provision, with liberty to go where they chose. Such an action is worthy of imitation by the most civilised nation.'

On Wednesday morning last, the body of a young man genteely dressed, was found dead on the shore at Wheehawk, near the monument of Gen. Hamilton. Information was immediately given to the Coroner, and the body was conveyed to the city of Jersey, where an inquest was held. On examination it appeared that he had shot himself through the head with a ball from a large horse-pistol, which tore off part of his ear. His name was J. A. Bertell, a foreigner, about the age of 20 years. Two letters

were found in his pocket, one addressed to the person who might find his body, the other to a gentleman at Brooklyn. In these letters he signifies his intention of destroying himself—that he was tired of his life—and could not bear the idea of his beloved (whom he styles his Matilda) being in the arms of another. In one of the letters is his will, bequeathing two thirds of his property to Matilda, and the remainder to the family of the gentleman above named. The letters are dated the 27th inst., and it is supposed he perpetrated the horrid deed on that day. On Monday afternoon he was seen near the monument with a book in his hand, and on being observed drew his hat over his eyes. The book was found on the ground by his side, and was the "Sorrows of Werter," it lay open at the place where Werter writes to Charlotte—

"They are loaded—the clock strikes twelve—I go

"Charlotte, Charlotte! Farewell! Farewell!"

That and several other passages in the book, corresponding with his unhappy situation, were marked by him with a pen.

N. York Gaz.

We have been favoured with the following anecdote of capt. Chauncey of the United States navy. Its genuine Yankee spirit will not be unpleasant to our readers at this crisis.

A very short time since captain Chauncey returned from a voyage to the East Indies, which, under a furious gale, he had made as a private citizen. On the passage home, in the Indian Ocean, he was brought to by a British ship of war of 64 guns, and a lieutenant and 10 or 12 men sent on board his ship. The British officer, an impudent puppy, without even saluting capt. C. as a person having any pretensions to gentility would have done, immediately ordered one of his men to stand by the helm. Capt. C. justly offended, told his sailor to knock any man down who attempted to take his place without his (Chauncey's) orders. The attempt was made, and the English sailor, by prostration, paid his tribute of veneration to the nerve of the Yankee. The lieutenant now ripped out as in my handsome oaths and threats as a person could wish, and advanced to take the helm himself—Chauncey stepped before him, and upon the Englishman's laying his hand upon it, seized him by the scruff of the neck and threw him overboard into the boat. Upon this the lieutenant and his men went off, and capt. C. was presently boarded by 60 or 70 men, among them the first officer of "his majesty's ship," who abused capt. C. in words not a little for his treatment to the lieutenant; who replied, I treated the puppy as he deserved. He either did not know his duty and the manners of a gentleman, or would not exercise them. You have now a superior force on board the ship—do what you please. Captain C. then went on board the man of war, where he received some more compliments from the commodore, to which he replied in the same manner, without giving way one inch to that proud spirit which characterises too many officers of the British navy. This spirit probably preserved him from the effects of their violence, and he was dismissed as the d—ddest obstinate Yankee rascal they had ever met with, without their knowing him as any thing else than the master of a common East Indian."

Previous to leaving the British ship, capt. C. very leisurely took a memorandum of the officers names who had insulted him, saying, "Perhaps I may come athwart you some day when you shall know who and what I am." Baltimore paper.

COURT OF HYMEN.

If you are for pleasure—**MARRY!**
If you prize rosy health—**MARRY!**
Or even if money be your object—**MARRY!**

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening, the 11th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. James Colling, to Miss Sarah Pearson, all of this city.

On Friday evening, the 24th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Townley; Mr. Edward Johnson, to Miss Ann Griffith, all of this city.

On Thursday evening, the 23d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr. Samuel Gurnea, to Miss Eliza Bremer, all of this city.

On Saturday evening, the 25th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. William Bolmer, to Miss Ann Brevoort.

On Thursday, the 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Roe, Mr. John Campbell, to Mrs. Martha Tappin, both of Woodbridge, New-Jersey.

MORTALITY.

The grave, great teacher, to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley slaves and kings.

DIED,

At Portland, the Rev. Dr. Joseph McLean, late President of Bowdoin College.

On Wednesday morning, Mr. John Magee.

At East Chester on Sunday the 28th ult. Mrs. Edia Alstyne, aged 69 years, wife of Mr. Jeronimas Alstyne; and yesterday morning at the place, Mr. Jeronimas Alstyne, aged 71 years.

On Tuesday, captain Magnus Beckwith.

At Shrewsbury, Monmouth county, N. J. on the 19th July of a lingering indisposition, Mrs. Mary White, consort of Mr. Benjamin White merchant, in the 48th year of her age, deeply and deservedly lamented by all who knew her.

Suddenly at the Sweet Springs, Virginia, on the 22d inst. Mr. Francois Rabineau, sen. aged 60 years.

In England on the 26th of May, Nicholas Bond, Esq. well known as one of the Police Magistrates for the city of Westmister.

At Worthington in Berlin, (C) on the 28th June last, in her 93d year, widow Sarah Wilcox, shortly after a paralytic seizure. She was remarkable for the large number of her descendants, 13 children, 70 grand children, 190 great grand children, and 16 great great grand children—all of them amounting to two hundred and ninety. It is probable they are actually more numerous, since one son, who married and settled to the southward, has not since been heard of. She was followed to the grave by a train of 117 mourners.

PETER STUYVERSANT, LADIES SHOE MAKER,

Has removed his store from No. 115 to his old stand No. 141 William street—where he has on hand a fresh assortment of Shoes of every description, and a variety of fancy Kid of all colours, Kid Sandals Morocco, &c. all of the latest importation.

The most punctual attention to business in the best spoke line.

N. B. Shoes suitable for the Southern and West-India market. All orders will be executed with dispatch.

May 23.

SAUNDERS & LEONARD, No 104 Maiden-Lane,

Have on hand a constant supply of

Leghorn Hats & Bonnets,
Split straw do. do.
Paper do.
Wire assorted sizes,
Artificial and straw Flowers,
do. do. Wreaths,
Leghorn flats by the box or dozen,
Paste boards,
Black, blue, and cloth sewing silks,
Sarments, white and pink,
Open work, straw trimming and tassels,
With every article in the Millenary line by Whole-
sale only.

November

926-47

COURT OF APOLLO

Answer to Miss Kitty Hard-to-please, which appeared in our last, by

BOB WHAT-YOU-PLEASE.

KITTY! I'm the man for thee,
I'm neither tall nor slender,
Nor old nor young, come treat with me,
I'm ready to surrender.

Nor grossly fat, nor ghostly spare,
Nor sedulous, nor slack Miss,
Like puny boy I am not fair,
Nor like an Indian black, Miss.

Plain common sense I do not lack,
And that's a lawful tender,
Ye I never made an Almanack,
Nor saw the witch of Endor.

No sober smock face lump am I,
That deems the bottle treason;
I'll sick to Bacchus till I die,
But will not drown my reason.

A decent bowl inspires the soul,
And makes us better spunk, Miss,
But he's a brute beyond dispute,
Who grogs it till he's drunk, Miss.

So Kitty, if I please your mind,
With you I'd like to winter,
And when you wish my place to find,
Enquire of Mr. Printer.

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S O N G.

BY W. HERBERT.

Joy to-night, and ease to-morrow!
Dream of bliss, and wake to sorrow!
Grief may quickly fill its measure;
Fate may brightest hopes destroy;
But scarce the tear can learn to flow,
And scarce the tongue can talk of woe;
For long these eyes have beam'd with pleasure.
Long these lips have whisper'd joy.

Fondest hearts are quickest broken,
Blissful words are easy spoken;
But when fancy bleeding lies,
Lips are mute and cold as clay;
Yet tho' the voice of anguish fail,
The eyes be dim, the visage pale,
Love's glowing passion never dies
Till the pulse forgets to play!

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ANECDOTES.

WHEN Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde Park corner, to Hammersmith, for a wager of 100 guineas, with the honorable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest were speaking of it to the Duchess of Gordon, and added, that it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *man* that every body cuts, but nobody mends."

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WHEN coals were extremely dear, a gentleman meeting his coal-merchant accosted him with "Well, my good Sir, how are coals?" "Indeed, Sir," he replied, "cos' are coals now. I am glad to hear it, returned the gentleman, "for the last you sent me were half *slates*."

M O R A L I S T.

THE CHRISTIAN'S CONSOLATION

IN THE HOUR OF DISTRESS.

In such a world as this, where man is continually obnoxious to trouble and calamity, where every thing he enjoys is held by so uncertain a tenure that he knows not what moment he may be deprived of it, and where the object of his warmest wishes and his brightest hopes is frequently snatched from him on a sudden; it is necessary to support his drooping spirits, till he be supplied with some source of solid comfort. Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards; it is the law of his nature, it is the fruit of his fathers transgression, and each individual has merited it by his own folly and misconduct.

The history of ages does but record the varied miseries of man, and daily experience testifies the fidelity of the relation. Nor could it be otherwise.—A mixture of nature good and evil, would necessarily arise from the mixture of moral good and evil in the actions of men, even had not God made one the consequence and punishment of the other. But it is not our present purpose to reason on the origin of evil; it is sufficient that we feel our present infirmity, that we cannot but acknowledge our helpless condition. Against the violent incursions of calamity, our prudence and our strength avail us nothing; the hour of suffering is come, and who shall stay the iron hand of affliction? To us it is often given to endure, to lose our most valued possessions, and to lament our irreparable loss; to mourn in sackcloth and ashes, and bewail the day of our birth. But amidst all this inevitable distress, is there not to the sons and daughters of affliction a source of comfort? Is there no consolation to those who have drank deep of the cup of sorrow? Can reason discover nothing to mitigate the violence of grief? And what does reason say to him who has lost the wife of his bosom; to him who has followed his children to the grave; to him who bigh with expectations of a happiness, limited only by the power of imagination, loses all in the loss of one, on whom these prospects depended?

What can it say more, than that they are irreducibly gone, that it is absurd to lament what cannot be recalled; that we should not neglect the good that remains, because we have lost a part though the most valuable; and that patience makes our burden really lighter. O ye who have felt the heart rending pang of separation; ye who have bewailed the loss of one dear to your souls and the delight of your eyes, ye know the futility of such consolation as this. Reason with all its subtlety of argument but convinces man of his misery, and leaves him a prey to wretchedness, with the extent of which it has served to make him more fully acquainted. Is there then no relief, no comfort to the afflicted? Yes, blessed be God! there is one source of solid consolation, and effectual support; it is to be found in religion, in contemplating the government of a wise and beneficent Providence, in carrying our views and expectations beyond this world to the seat of heavenly majesty, beyond this life, to that of honour, glory, and immortality. In this view every thing assumes a new aspect. Instructed by the sacred volume of inspired knowledge, we adore the wisdom, the goodness and justness of God, even while we tremble under the chastisement of his rod.

NOTICE.

J Wooffendale, Dentist, has removed from No 84 Broadway, to No. 27 Partition-street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's church-yard

May 23

963—3m°

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE
NO 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamented COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s each.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream for taking off all kinds of roughness and prevents the skin from chapping, 4s per pot.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles
Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 3s. 4s. 8s & 12s bottle, or 3 dolls per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s and 8s per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s 6d per lb

Violet double scented Rose 2s. 6d

Smith's Savoyenne Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, 4s. & 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or pear Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil, for curling, glazing and thickening the Hair and preventing it from turning grey, 4s. per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Parfums, 1s. per pot or roll. Duledo 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips, 2s. and 4s per box. Smith's Lotion for the Teeth, warranted Hispuriſe Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving. 4s & 1s 6d

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Ladies silk Braces do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters

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Late from London, Silk, Cotton, & Woolen Drap, No 63, Liberty-Street, near Broadway, New-York, Can furnish the Ladies with the most fashionable colours. Ladies dresses, of every description, cleaned, dyed, and glazed without having them ripped—All kinds of rich Silks cleaned, and restored as nearly as possible, to their original lustre. Silk Stockings, hangings, Carpeting &c. cleaned and dyed; Gentlemen's clothes: cleaned wet or dry: and Calicos dyed black, on an improved plan.

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December 6.

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